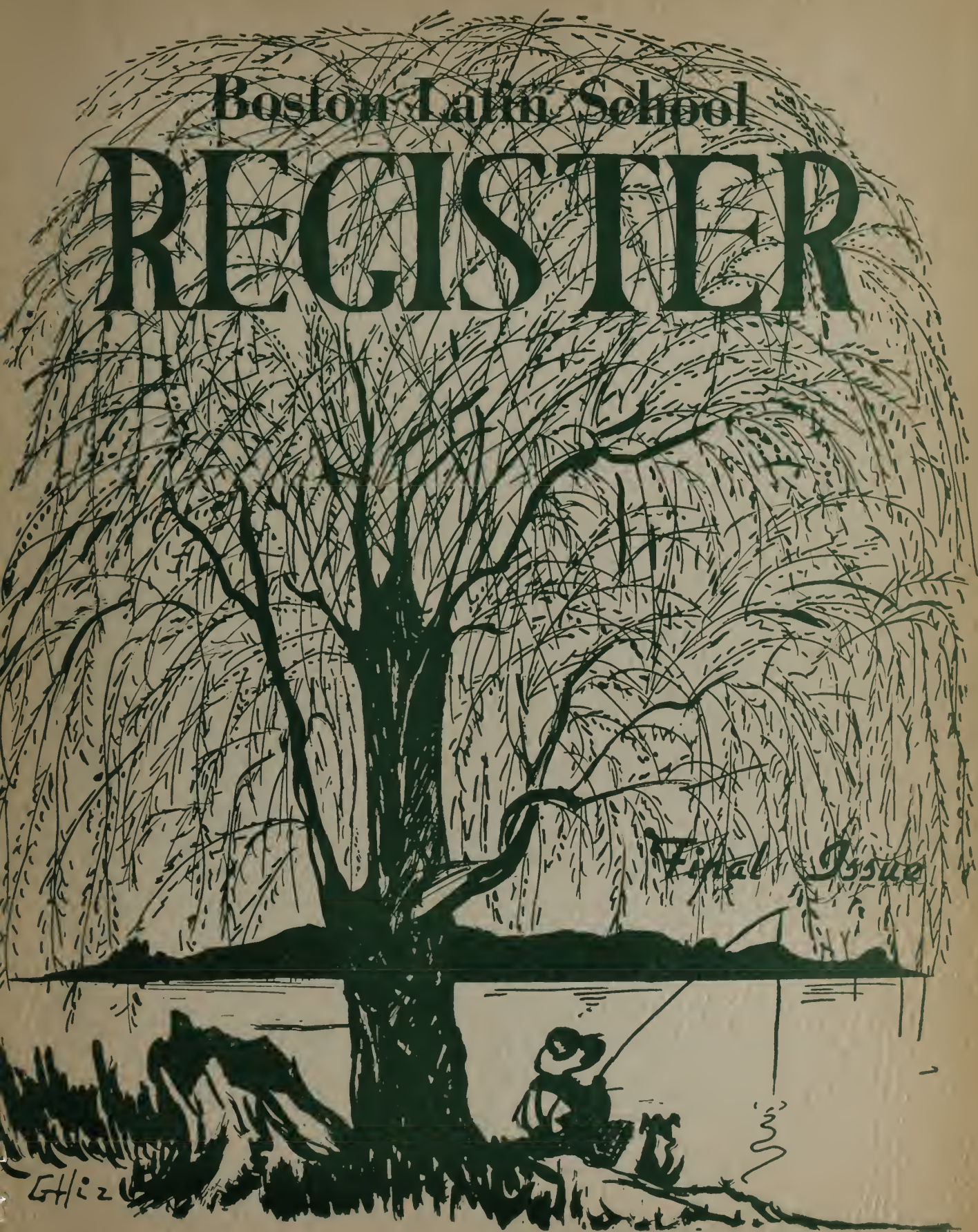


Boston Latin School

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Final Issue



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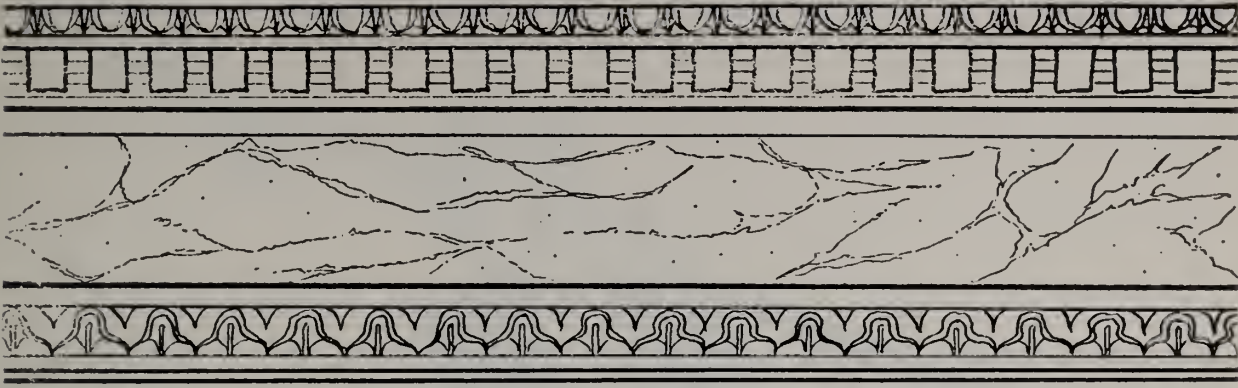
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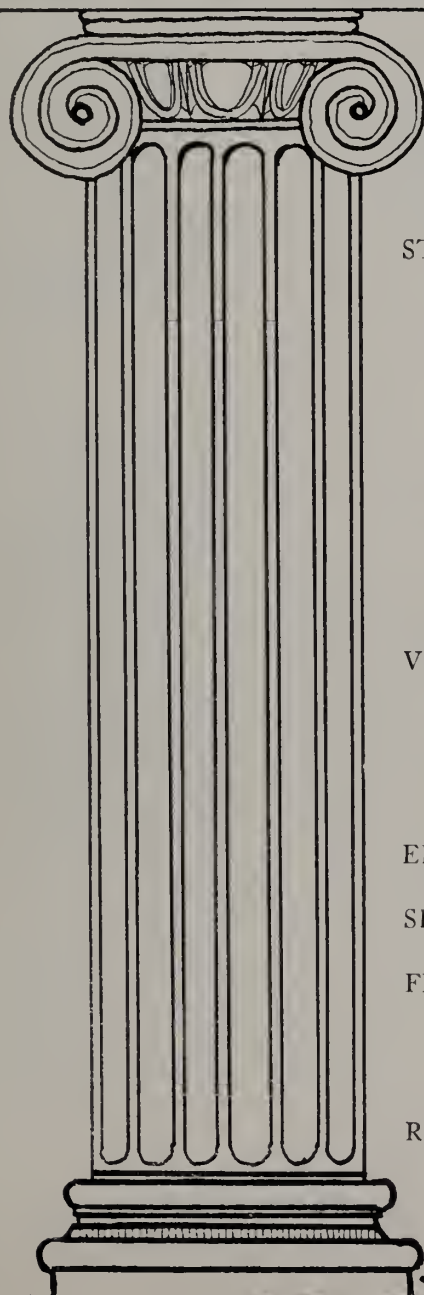
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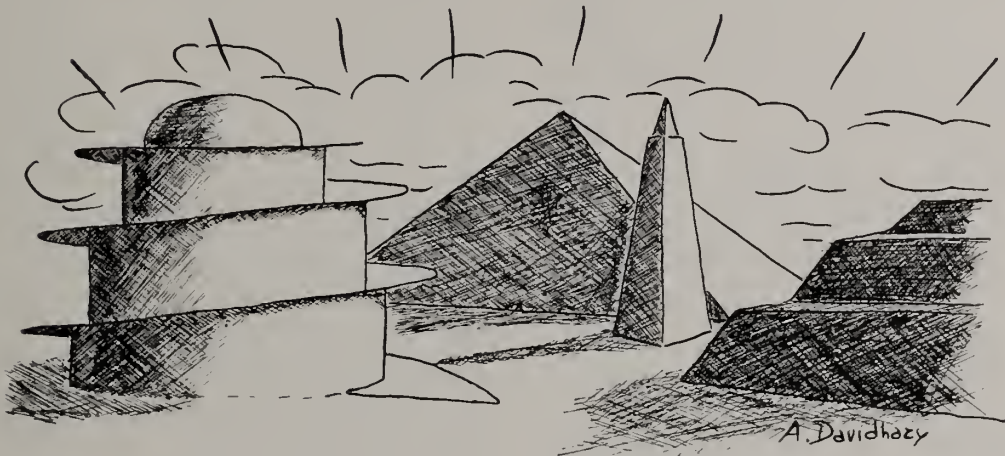
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The Sacrifice



JOEL GORDON '60

There was a festive and yet solemn feeling among the citizens as the boys, dressed in their smart blue and yellow uniforms, began to gather in small groups on the huge public square of the ancient city. For thousands of years, the people of this secluded race had been using their splendid city, hewn entirely from marble, for their religious feasts. Most of the year it was virtually uninhabited—only the high-priests and their assistants, plus the men who maintained the place, would remain there. Once a year, however, the city would be thronged by the citizens of the kingdom for the great ten-day feast honoring the gods—Din, the god of war; Lon, the god of peace; Vun, the god of hunting; and so forth. There would be ceremonies consisting of singing, dancing, worshipping and feasting at great public banquets.

Today was the first day of the feast, the day set aside for Sma, the god of responsibility and maturity; and all the boys who had come of age since the previous year would gather together in columns in the

grand square, wearing uniform outfits of blue tunics and bright yellow trousers, and would march as a unit past the solemn crowds down the long, wide promenade and then into the magnificent temple of Sma, where they would officially be entered into the ranks of manhood as each would stand alone before the throng of onlookers, and present a small offering, along with a short prayer, to the high-priest for the god who would guide him through the next few years of his life. The highlight of this ceremony would come when one of the lads, in order to show his maturity and newly acquired sense of duty, would be called upon to kill one of his young compatriots as an offering to the god. Human sacrifice, though by no means common, was sanctioned and even revered in the case of a ceremony such as this.

This was the only apprehensive thought on his mind as Kol walked along the road to the city, his friend Sar at his side. The sun was out, there were no clouds to speak of in the blue sky, and a gentle, cooling

wind was blowing from the West. The beauty of the weather, combined with tender green of the budding trees, formed a picture so beautiful that it had almost succeeded in driving the former thought from his mind; when Sar, who also had been thinking silently, muttered casually — but not nearly so casually as he had wanted it to sound:

"How much chance do you suppose there is for any one particular individual — say one of us, for instance — to be chosen for that sacrifice?"

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about it," Kol answered in a slightly shakey voice. "There must be a few thousand coming. A few thousand to one — or two — doesn't sound like very dangerous odds." He made a weak attempt at a laugh. "What do you think they're going to give us to eat at the banquet after the ceremony?"

"Yuh," replied Sar.

They raised their heads and saw the entrance to the city before them. Once inside, they followed their ears to the square. Where was it they were supposed to stand? — Oh yes, there, at the tip of the dark green marble triangle which pointed toward the towering monumnet of the god Din. Everything was marvelously impressive (it had been built purposely to look that way): the terraced pyramids of brilliant white marble, the high "towers of the gods," the blossoming trees along the promenade, the immaculate streets; but they had seen all that before. Their main concern now was to try not to be too nervous during the ceremony.

Kol was interrupted from fixing the bright yellow sash of his tunic by Sar, who tapped him on the shoulder, telling him that the procession was about to begin. The trumpets blared, the drums thundered, and eight hundred young men-to-be moved off neatly in five groups. Solemn citizens lined the avenue of the gods: proud parents and relatives, others showing their youngsters how they would do this in a few years too, people following them as they marched.

Now they marched through the huge portals of the temple of Sma. The roof of the edifice, at least as high above them as twenty men could stand, was painted blue and gray. Around the ceiling was a brightly-colored frieze of symbolic figures sculptured out of the marble. In the middle stood an

altar of marble so pure and white that it shone, and surrounding it were tiers of stone seats. It took a full half hour for the nation to fill the hall and be seated; then the ceremonies began.

One by one the boys were called up to the altar to present a gift and a prayer to the god, and they often added something of their own, silently.

"I present this to Sma - the magnificent," said one reverently, placing a tiny gold object on the altar.

"May I be worthy of the great guidance of Sma," spoke another, laying a pelt of precious fur by the high-priest, who was dressed in his stately green and gray ceremonial robes for the occasion.

"May Sma be proud of my actions as a man!" said Kol, as he offered a small silver box, adding, to himself, "And please not take me as sacrifice!"

Whether it happened by chance, or because Sma was displeased at the cowardice shown by the lad, we shall never know; and neither did Kol. But the fates had evidently not wanted him to have an easy time of it. His second wish was granted; often in the future he would wish it had not been.

He walked back to his place, and exchanged a smile with Sar as he passed him, to show that "he had seen action and come through all right." As the ceremony continued, a great hush fell over the crowd; for it was announced that the two boys necessary for the sacrifice would be chosen by lot from the entire group of lads that was present. After no more than five minutes, they explained the god would indicate his choice by causing two of the pieces of straw to change their color; that straw held by the victim would become violet, while the one held by the lad who must perform the ceremony would turn a bright red. I say "must perform" because no one had ever brought himself to refuse. If one did, the law said, he would never be considered a man, he would be cursed by the people and the gods, and would be formally ostracized from the community for five years. The victim had no choice at all. All the boys already knew these laws as the priests began to give out the straws.

Kol shook nervously as the can containing the straws was held out to him. After taking a quick glance to see that they were

all the same color, he shut his eyes, reached in, and grasped the first straw that met his touch. He took it out and examined it as the priest moved on to the next boy. It looked just like all the others, thank heavens: about five inches long, almost perfectly straight, roughly broken at the ends, yellowish tan in color . . . just like the others. Let's hope it stays that way! I'd sure hate to be the one!

He looked at the faces of the boys around him. None of them seemed to be much less worried than he was. They each had as much of a chance as he did . . . and his straw didn't look any different. But what was this? He looked down at his straw; it did seem to have changed its color even so slightly; it appeared to be just the least bit more purple than . . . Sacrifice . . . death . . . The chill thought flashed through his body. No, it must be his imagination. His eyes shot up at the other straws. Of course, they would be the same color. But no . . . he held up his straw to compare visually with the others. The color . . . He heard four or five boys around him sigh with relief when they saw his straw. He was petrified; a cold sweat began to drip from his forehead. He lowered the straw quickly lest one of the priests notice it and take him out before his five minutes was up. He watched the straw carefully, unable to remove his eyes from this little object which was slowly but inexorably forming his death warrant. The color was definitely changing, but now he thought he could detect a slight reddish tint replacing — or rather, altering, the pale violet which had begun to creep over the stick. The end of the five minutes found a much-relieved Kol holding a bright red straw. Of course, he had never wanted to kill anybody — it was certainly not his idea of fun; but it was, in his opinion, a much better fate than being killed himself.

He presented his prize to the priest and was led almost smiling in relief, to the brilliant altar. Within seconds another priest appeared, followed closely by a pale young lad holding a violet straw. At the sight of the boy, all the color, all the moment's relief seemed to vanish from Kol's face. How could Sar, his best friend . . . He never would have believed something like this if he had read about it. How could such a tragic coincidence ever take place? He could never do a thing like this, ostracism, curses, or not. — And yet, Sar must die, no matter who the executioner.

The other boy was brought to the altar; and one can imagine the look on Sar's face when he saw Kol waiting for him there.

Ostracized, cursed by man and god alike, denied official manhood — WHY? Sar was already doomed; if he didn't kill him, some one else would have to. Why face all that shame?

"You can't *murder* your best friend!" came the reply from another part of his mind. But . . .

The priest, meanwhile, as if he noticed nothing in the minds and on the faces of the two boys, proceeded to show Kol the ceremonial and nearly painless way of sacrificing a human being. Kol watched, motionless, not knowing yet whether he would ever be able to do it — or would even try.

The sacrifice prayer began, and Kol knew that he had never felt so desperate before in his life. Could he turn and run? No, that was out of the question; he would be caught. Or, if he refused . . . the shame, the ruined life.

The priest gave the signal for the sacrifice. Sar looked up, terrified to see what Kol would do. Kol glanced around desperately, his mind, his heart unable to decide. Then the people began to grow impatient. He was supposed to perform a sacrifice now; so what was he waiting for? The priest's expectant look turned almost to disgust.

"All right, I'll give them what they want," he cried and plunged the dagger downward. The priest looked content and turned back to the praying. The crowd became restful once more. Sar lay lifeless on the altar, and Kol stood over him, his head hanging in depression, horror, and shame.

A week later the yearly ceremonies were over; but they would take place again the following year. In some obscure, possibly non-existent corner of heaven, the god Sma was satisfied that he had received his annual sacrifice. On one of the roads which led out of the city there walked a boy, now a man, with the full privileges of manhood, a member in good standing of the community, blessed by both man and god for performing his ritual . . . and without a friend.

Servo Vend

DANIEL J. BARNETT '62

SERVO Vend whirred; a paper cup dropped into place and a thin stream of hot, black coffee bubbled into the cup, filling it to within half an inch of the brim. A trim, young serviceman, wearing a brown tweed suit, scribbled on a clipboard — #43 O.K., and strode out of the office, the metal taps on his shoes making rhythmic clicks on the stone corridor.

The machine stood about five feet high. Its red and metallic-grey sides were laced with polished chrome that glowed softly under the cool light of the fluorescents. The four rows of transparent plastic buttons on the front gave the user a choice of coffee, black; coffee with cream; coffee with sugar; coffee with cream and sugar; and finally, hot chocolate. Inside, a complex mass of components, designed with the utmost care to carry out the orders of the sensitive electronic brain, hummed with a complaisant confidence.

"The newest and most efficient machine our firm produces" was how the salesman described it to old Fritz. "It will stand years of conservative use before any repair is necessary. But . . ." he warned, "it is very . . . well, you could almost call it touchy, and any heavy jars or blows might upset the sensitive mechanism in the mixing center."

As the salesman left, old Fritz dug deep into his worn coveralls and pulled up a grease-smeared dime. He deposited the coin, and, as an added measure, slammed the machine on the right side.

"Buzzz," retorted the machine and disgorged its contents.

"Still say you can't trust these gadgets," muttered the aged janitor. "When the good Lord gave us coffee, he meant it to be brewed by man and not a brainless machine . . ."

"J. B.'d have old Fritz's ears if he knew how he is treating Servo Vend," said a sleepy secretary to the coffee-break crowd gathered around the machine.

"You notice that he doesn't go anywhere else for his coffee, though," remarked another.

"Oh, he enjoys the coffee; it's the machine he hates."

"Speak of the devil!"

Old Fritz strode into the office and up to the machine. Depositing his dime, he reared back and bashed Servo Vend before it had a chance to get started. The machine gurgled and stopped for a second; then, shifting into high gear, it dispensed the bubbling brown liquid.

"Bah, there's something wrong with this coffee!"

"Nothing wrong with my coffee. Anything wrong with yours, Ed?" teased an office worker.

"Not a thing," added the other with a wink.

"Maybe the machine doesn't like you," he chuckled.

"Doesn't like me!" roared Fritz. "This machine hates me!"

The old man walked away mumbling furiously. On the way back to his desk, the first man commented in a puzzled tone. "Old Fritz has cursed the machine before; but this is the first word he's spoken against the coffee."

As time passed, dent upon dent was added to Servo Vend's once-shiny side. Signs were posted issuing their warning in conspicuous red letters —

DO NOT POUND, KICK, OR OTHERWISE TAMPER WITH THIS MACHINE! But old Fritz, ignoring these, continued to persecute Servo Vend. He kept complaining that his coffee was miserable; and, indeed, when one of the executives tasted it, the coffee did seem to have a strange flavor; but all this was shrugged off as the office staff continued to make sport of old Fritz.

Then one day old Fritz took sick. They all thought it was his heart, but . . .

The coroner washed his hands and sat down at the cluttered desk tucked away in a corner of the dingy room. From the top drawer he pulled a large white form . . .

Name — *Fritz Muller*

Cause of death — Repeated doses of concentrated caffeine . . .

Moses

STEVEN M. ARONSON '61

*The moon's ascending o'er the sylvan meadows;
Above the pyramids of Ra it floats
Like drifting fog on a Phoenician sea,
And sits triumphant in the awesome night.
Below, the watered plains of Egypt lie,
Breathing of melancholy toil.
Once, o'er Egypt and her firmament arose
A Pharoah who knew not Joseph sleeping
In the land beyond the sun, nor of those deeds
That saved his land from the cold touch of Death.
He sat upon his mighty throne - the god
Of Egypt and of her gods and goddesses -
Triumphant over all within his realm.
The great king feared the coming strife
Though still hidden by the golden mists of prosperous
Years. As when the gray dawn steals like ghosts through heaven,
And stealthily encroaches on the night,
He felt some evil nearing, though he knew not what.*

*The moon's ascending o'er the sylvan meadows;
Above the pyramids of Ra it floats
Like drifting fog on a Phoenician sea,
And sits triumphant in the awesome night.
Below lie Pithom and Rameses, jewel-encrusted
And dappled with the fading moonlight gold.
In Time's brief span and with hardened hands
That struck the whips, Pithom and Rameses rose like sentinels
Upon the desert sands, to mock all Time
And to endure so long as there lives man.*

*So suffered Israel the whims of Egypt
And knew no peace save prayer's deep-rooted peace.
And Pharoah dreamed that Israel would rise
To arms and with the enemies of Egypt
Strike hard and fast and smite the pyramids
And tear the altars of the gods in fury.
So Pharoah dreamed and tossed upon the quilted
Bed; his form was shivering though it was summer
And the wind was whispering through the verdant grass
And all the land was borne to beauteous bloom.
He awakened and he deemed the dream the message
Of the gods and called forth all his kinsmen and
He spoke the fated words with regal form:*

*"THE LIFE OF EVERY SON BORN TO A JEWESS
IS HERETOFORE CONSUM'D BY THE RIVER NILE -
BUT EVERY MAIDEN - LET HER LIVE TO BEAR
A SON THAT MUST BE TAKEN FROM HER ARMS."*

*So Pharoah spoke. As, when the word of victory
Is tossed from mouth to mouth, and no one knows
For certain who prevails. Then the Pharoah is borne
Unto his people and he nods that it is true -
A shiver ran through that assembled host
For joy, and all the fulsome crowd bowed low.*

*A man and a woman both of the house of Levi wed,
And even in the golden moments of
Their wedding, unhappiness was shaded there.
And there was born to them a strong son - perfection's child, and
Perhaps her gift to them who knew full well
How numbered were his days of life.
Each day the mother looked upon her child
And loved it more, and knew it was not hers
To love, for soon there would come knocking at
The door, a soldier of the Pharoah's wrath.
Three months she hid him - then she could no longer.
And Providence dictated all the motion
Of her limbs whereby she placed him tenderly
In a basket of bulrushes daubed with pitch,
And laid the tiny basket in the Nile's reeds,
And Miriam her daughter, left to view it.
Soon Pharoah's pride, the princess fair,
Descended to the riverside to cleanse
The water with her beauty and she saw:
As some lone lovely on an eve in June
Walks through her moonlit garden unperplexed
And lo! descries a budding rose left sole
Amid a bush of briers coarse and crude,
She stoops, and with her milk-white hands, descends
And picks the rose and folds it in her hands.
So Pharoah's daughter eyed the unknown basket
And bade her maidens fetch it. So stood they not
To answer her but got the basket, hiding
Mid the reeds. The Princess opened it and stood
Aghast to see the lovely babe it held.
She drew him from the Nile as a son to her
And there, before the Nile, named him Moses.*

*The sun's ascending o'er the sylvan meadows;
Above the pyramids of Ra it rises
Like some great God returning home to rest,
And sits triumphant o'er the lovely day.*

A Good Friend

STANLEY KENNETH PATZ '59

8:00. I sat down at my desk and opened my history book. At the 8:15 bell I instinctively looked towards the door. Jim Canfield slowly strutted in, stopped at the "spare parts" locker, picked out a purple, red and blue monstrosity and proceeded to tie it about his neck. This was his favorite tie; it clashed with everything. The tall, muscular boy then turned and walked towards my desk. I returned to my book.

"Hi, Harvey," Jim bellowed as he playfully poked me in the shoulder. I readjusted my glasses and answered, "Morning, Jim."

He sat down at his desk beside me and asked for the Latin homelesson. I opened my Latin book and handed him the paper.

"Better study the notes; we're due for a check."

"Okay, thanks. I just need the last three sentences." He flashed a smile, then took a blank piece of paper and began copying my homelesson. I returned to my history.

As the 8:25 bell rang, Jim returned my paper.

"Harv, how come you're studying history? We don't have that till last period."

"I didn't have time to do it last night."

The class quieted as our homeroom teacher, "Smiling" Jack Holt, sat down and began to take attendance.

I thought about the previous night. I had studied until one o'clock for the inevitable "Big Five" tests which came the last day of the marking period. I was irritable and tired from lack of sleep, but I had gotten all my studying done except history. I could still study homeroom period.

At 8:30 I gathered my books and started for the door.

"Harv, wait for me . . . We got time, first class is on the third floor," Jim said.

He finally decided on how many books to take; then he walked alongside me and put his big hand on my shoulder in a fatherly way. Along the corridor everyone nodded greetings to us . . . I smiled back.

"Don't forget about the signals for the Physics test," he reminded me. I nodded.



The bell rang before we reached the room. We began to run. Jim beat me by a step and then slipped by "Lucky's" back. As I entered, "Lucky" Lewis, the Physics teacher, turned around.

"Hold it! I'll have to give you a mark, Merton. You boys will have to learn to come to class on time."

Realizing that mark would ruin my chances for Approbation, I went to my seat and banged my books on the floor, which, much to the delight of the class, got me another mark.

About half-way through the period, "Lucky" looked up at the clock and began to hand out paper and printed test sheets. Jim looked at me. I caught his glance and nodded back. It was pretty easy to give him the answers for physics, because the tests were usually multiple choice, and I could tap a pencil, cough, or simply show the right number of fingers. Jim did well in physics.

Second period was English. We had to write a composition on a poem. Jim had called me the night before for an explanation of this poem. English was Jim's best subject; he could really sling it.

In Latin, Jim was called on for a translation. I had to feed him almost every word. He received a four out of five for his B & I sentences.

When Latin finally ended, everyone in the room rushed to his locker, picked up his mouldy gym uniform and then hurried downstairs to the gym. For a change we played tag-football. Towards the end of the period, I miraculously caught a pass. I started for the end-zone. Two opponents were chasing me. I saw Jim running parallel to me. He was yelling, "Lateral! Lateral!" So I lateralled. The ball went behind him; he couldn't handle it. I didn't hear the end of that until after lunch period.

As homeroom period began, I opened my history book. Jim asked me to explain to him "all the stuff about parabolas" for the test fifth period. It took me a half hour to teach him the necessary math. That interruption left me ten minutes to study for the history test.

"Harv, you got any ideas what he'll ask for history?" Jim inquired.

"Why the heck don't you try studying for yourself?" I snapped.

"Well, you don't hafta get mad about it." He turned away with a hurt look on his face.

"I'm sorry, Jim. I'm a little edgy today. He'll probably ask about the Treaty of Versailles."

The bell ending homeroom period rang. I explained to him about the Treaty on the way to math.

Fifth period went by quickly because of the test. I would have finished the last

problem, but I had to stop writing at least four times to show Jim my paper. I was pretty mad about it. I said nothing to him between classes.

As soon as sixth period began, "Fair and Square" John Wilder, the history teacher, gave out paper for the test. I answered the first few questions as best I could. The third question was about the Treaty of Versailles. I started to write everything I knew about the treaty. Sometimes "Fair and Square" gave extra credit for extra information.

"Psst . . . Harv, Harv, what's the name of the treaty?" Jim whispered.

I shook my head.

"Come on, Harv," he insisted.

This was the final blow; I was pretty angry. I shook my head again.

"Harv!" he hissed. This time he poked my arm. My pen made a blot on the paper. I turned an angry look at him.

"Canfield," Mr. Wilder cut in, "you talking?"

Jim stood up slowly. His face was red with anger and embarrassment. "Yes, sir," he replied.

"Put your paper on my desk. See me after class," Wilder said sharply.

Jim returned to his desk and glared at me for the rest of the test. I felt bad; I loused up the last two questions.

At two o'clock the class filed out, and Jim went up to Mr. Wilder. I also stayed behind pretending to rearrange my papers. I really felt terrible.

"Jim," Wilder said, "I've suspected you for a long time. I have no choice, I'll have to recommend you for censure."

As I slowly walked out of the room, I was lost in gloomy thoughts. It had been a crummy day . . . and I had lost a good friend.

Ship

WILLIAM JAMES SARILL, '59

*Thunder
And fire,
And the coolness
Of grey metal,*

*Rising
And screaming
Its song
Of defiant fury
To the watching stars.*

Death Is Eternal

MARTIN HAROLD SAVITZ '59

IVAN awoke. He felt the soothing impact of cold water poured over his head. His eyes opened gradually, into the bright glare of surrounding lights. How long had he been unconscious? From the very moment of his arrest, he had known only endless interrogation, continual torture, and ceaseless hunger. His body was bound at every essential point. The straps cut deep into his flesh. He struggled, but the pain shot through him again.

"Ahh, so you are awake, comrade." It was the voice of Captain Zukhov . . . always Zukhov — Captain of the Secret Police.

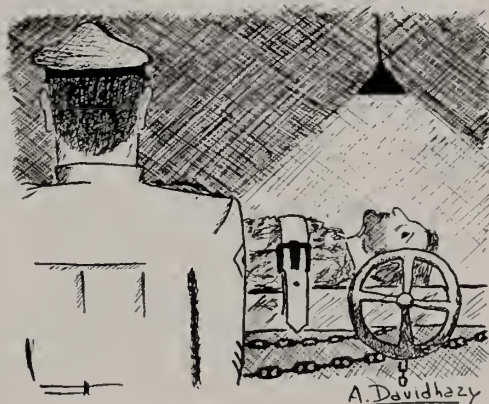
Ivan was still convulsing uneasily. How many times they had put him on the rack, he had lost count. The amount of physical pain and mental torture he had endured seemed immeasurable, almost unimportant now. All that mattered was that they had gained nothing from him — no names, no secrets, no confessions.

"Still stubborn?" Zukhov drew nervously on his cigarette. "Again." The husky soldier at the side of the rack leaned hard on the handle. Every muscle, every tendon in his arm strained; the wheel turned slowly.

Ivan gasped, his body struggling for air. He twisted and moaned. Zukhov watched him, then drew back the lever. The pain eased only slightly. Ivan slumped back.

"You're fighting a losing battle," said Zukhov. "I mean it. You've taken enough suffering to make ten men confess. Why worry about the others? Have they tried to save you? Has even one of them offered to suffer in your place?" Zukhov paused and studied Ivan carefully. "Give me their names," he then said quietly. "Be smart. There is no escape, no salvation, comrade — not even hope. But if you must die, then at least tell me what it is that has kept you silent — what idea, what hope, what dream.

Ivan was still. Zukhov motioned to the soldier. "Again." The wheel tightened. Ivan let out a brief cry; his body withered. "Again," Zukhov said. Two more times, thought Ivan; three more . . . before I tell him.



"I will ask you once more, Comrade Ivan, before I . . ." "That won't be necessary . . . Zukhov," Ivan managed to utter. "I will tell you what has kept me silent these many weeks; knowledge that I will have my revenge."

"Revenge, comrade?" Zukhov had to suppress a laugh. "Revenge? I have it in my power to snuff out your life in a moment. You are nothing. Only the Party is eternal."

"Death . . . is eternal."

"Death? Surely you do not believe in an after-life?"

"I believe . . . by my hope of eternal salvation."

"Eternal salvation," Zukhov laughed. He unbuttoned his collar and sat down next to Ivan. "Tell me what I'm after and perhaps I'll make life easier for you. That's your salvation."

"I believe . . ." said Ivan.

"Again," said Zukhov. The wheel turned.

Ivan's head rose a little, his glazed eyes on Zukhov. "I promise now," he whispered, "by my eternal hope of salvation . . . that my soul shall not rest . . . until I have revenge . . ." Ivan shuddered, then fell back.

Zukhov looked away from the rigid corpse. He got up and tossed away his cigarette. "Sergeant!"

"Yes, Captain."

"Unstrap him, and dispose of his body quickly."

"Yes, Captain."

Zukhov left the prison at a quick pace. His car was waiting for him. But before he sped home, he watched disconcertedly as Ivan's body was dragged out, dumped on the ground, and at last thrown into an unmarked grave.

* * * *

"Revenge!" Zukhov awoke in a cold sweat. He sprang from his bed and clung to the bed post. A minute passed, and another. Still weak from his dream, he managed to get into his uniform.

At ten o'clock sharp, Captain Zukhov promptly entered Room 301 of the Government Building. He took his usual place at the table. The staff meeting was called to order. Zukhov tried to busy himself with a few papers; but when he looked up, he met the cold stare of twenty expressionless faces.

"Captain Zukhov!"

"Yes . . . General Svendofsky."

"Are you aware that this is a serious meeting? I do not think that anyone here appreciates your brand of humor. Remove that monstrosity from your lapel immediately!"

An expression of puzzlement came over Zukhov's face. He lifted his lapel slowly, and then he saw it. In place of his insignia, there was a small American flag in pin form. Zukhov ripped the pin from his uniform, unable to speak, let alone offer any explanation.

The General dismissed his staff. Captain Zukhov gathered up his papers and was about to leave when Colonel Nicholav touched his arm. "Captain, do you have the confessions for the trials next week?" "Why yes, Colonel. They are in my office. Please come along; I will deliver them to you personally."

Soon, the two officers were at Captain Zukhov's private office. The Captain opened the door for his superior and followed him in. Zukhov stared in confusion. There on the wall in gold frames were portraits of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

Zukhov ripped down one picture and practically fell over the chair behind his desk in an awkward attempt to pull off the second. "I don't know what to say, Colonel. Surely . . . you know that I would never . . . You don't think I put such . . . It's some kind of a trick, Colonel."

"The confessions, Captain, do you have them?"

"Of course, Colonel, of course." he opened the top drawer of his desk. He gazed unbelievably into the empty drawer. "But they were here. I know they were here; I placed them in the drawer myself."

"I see," said Colonel Nicholav, approaching the desk. He poked about, but found nothing. He opened the bottom drawer. Zukhov felt helpless, terrified. The Colonel removed a copy of the American Constitution, and, under an edition of American history, discovered several manuscripts.

The Colonel browsed through the documents. Zukhov's hands trembled noticeably as he took the papers from Colonel Nicholav's firm grip. "I, Ivan Urensky, hereby confess . . ." The Colonel read quietly for a while, then looked calmly at Zukhov. He smiled and handed him the paper. Then he seated himself and lit a cigarette. Zukhov slumped to his chair, completely numb. Again in his mind, he saw Ivan's blank, staring face; and at once he knew that Ivan had had his revenge.

The trial had been a mere formality, the verdict of guilty a simple prediction. Captain Zukhov said nothing through his court martial, his dishonorable discharge, and his trial. Now, as so many other prisoners in the past, Zukhov was taken to the torture cell.

"Confess, comrade, confess." It was Colonel Nicholav above him.

"But I'm innocent, innocent, Colonel. You must . . ." The pain shot through him again; and Zukhov knew it was futile to plead his innocence. He realized his only escape lay in death.

"Again." The wheel turned. "Again." The rack creaked on its chains. Zukhov was blacking out. The pain eased slowly . . . then darkness.

Zukhov awoke. He saw light. He felt the agonizing pain once more. His stout body quivered with the unbearable sensation.

"A little slower, comrade."

"The voice," thought Zukhov; "It is Ivan's voice!" He raised his head until he could make out the features of the man standing beside the rack. "But you're dead. You must be dead; I saw you die myself. I saw you buried . . ."

Ivan smiled as he had that day on the rack, just before he died. "Turn the wheel a little slower, comrade," said the Colonel. "After all, we'll be here for . . . all eternity."

Finis Terrae

CONRADE CARL JAFFE '60

*I tell of the earth
In its dying days,
Barren, cold and blighted;
Of a waning sun,
Now but a dim memory
Of a splendor passed;
Of men,
Strong and old and wise,
Masters of the stars
And the ways of space,
Grieving remnants of a homeless race,
Leaving with sad farewell
The cradle of their kind,
To end the age-old flow of men to the stars.*

*Slowly,
And still more slowly
The earth creeps round its dying sun.
Shorter
And more shorter grows the day
And all too long the night.
Gone are the luxuriant forests.
No more do fields of wheat
Sway in the morning breeze
Under a golden sun.
Gone is the home of the beast.
Gone is the beast.
No more will the endless blanket of snow
Bring promise of swollen rivers in the spring,
For now there will be no spring,
No summer, no fall,
For winter is eternal.
An icy death creeps round the earth
And icebergs roam the southern seas
Where summer once had reigned,
And o'er the earth
Desolation rules.*

*The sun,
Now but a mere ember,
Glows with an ever-waning light.
No more will fountains of flame
Surge forth from out the heart
Of a fiery sun;
But now meager wisps encircle the orb
And clouds muffle its fires.
The shrunken sphere
Now lies void of all its glory.
The lord of the planets stands deposed!*

*And what of man,
He that conquered beasts,
And tilled the soil,
And made the wheel?
He no longer stands
Upon this cold and cheerless earth,
For early in his history
Man learned to fly.
His sons flew farther,
And their sons farther still
Into the void of space,
Ever seeking newer earths
To renew the glories of their past,
'Till earthmen now travel
O'er the ways of space
With surety
And call all worlds their own.
Few recall the dying birthplace of their race.*

*Now the sun is dead.
Its fires are quenched.
Its surface calm.
The earth totters in its orbit,
Then plunges headlong into space.*

Ratrace

HAROLD GERSHMAN '60

"Hey! . . . Hey, Marcus!"
"Huh . . . oh, Quintus! Why of all people.
Where've you been? I haven't seen you at
the gym for some time."

"I've been staying at my new villa."

"New villa?"

"It's near Messina; very beautiful country
there, you know. How's it been with
you? . . . Business good?"

"Oh . . . so-so . . ."

"Where are you going? I'll give you a
lift."

"Just to Octavius' Tavern. But don't
bother, I . . ."

"No trouble at all, I'm going that way
myself. There's my chariot over there."

"Wow! that's some wagon. Must cost
plenty."

"Well, I bought some cheap imitation
Egyptian rugs, shipped them to Gaul, and
cashed in on them. You know. They don't
know the difference there anyway."

"Imitation Egyptian rugs? Did you buy
them at the warehouse on Apollo Ave.?"

"Yes . . . Why?"

"Oh, just wondering." (So he's the dog
that bought them all. He could have left
some for someone else. I had my eye on
those rugs, too — the bum.) "Nice pair of
horses, Quintus."

"Nothing but the best . . . Come on,
giddy up."

"What's in the boxes?"

"Those? They're a few dozen books of
an unknown writer named Virgil. He's
very promising, though. Who knows, some
day he may hit the big time. The books
shouldn't be out for another two months or
so. Meanwhile, I might make a few ses-
terces on the advance sales. Perhaps it will
make the best seller list; you can never
tell."

(The rat. Why doesn't he dry up. Al-
ways thinking of making a fast denarius.)

"By the way," said Quintus, interrupting Marcus' bitter thoughts, "have you heard the latest rumor? Well, I heard from a very reliable source that Brutus and several others are going to bump off the 'old boy'. They say that he himself has even heard about it from some fortune-teller or other, but just scoffed at it. No sir, they don't make 'em like him anymore . . . no sirrrr."

"With all his money, why should he worry?" Marcus mumbled.

"What was that?"

"Uh, oh . . . I said in what part of the city are you living?"

"Live in the city? Not me. I bought a little place in the suburbs about 10 'milia passuum' out of the city. It's a beautiful place with a magnificent view of the countryside, a pond in the back . . . Why don't you drop by. I'm going to have a house-warming in a few weeks, so bring the Mrs. along. My wife will be delighted to have you come."

(Yeh, sure, you braggard. I wish you'd drown in that swampy pond of yours.)

"Well, if you want my opinion, Quintus, I wouldn't give a sesterce for it. After all, look at all the commuting between your home and business."

"What! You haven't heard? My office is on the coast at Ostia, just a couple of 'milia passuum' from my home. I . . ."

"On the coast? I don't understand."

"Six months ago I sold my toga and mantle manufacturing plant. Then I bought a bank loan on a freight company for practically nothing, added several fast new ships, and now I'm the proud owner of the Latin Freight Lines with a fleet of ships. We deliver to any port on the sea, with special rates to Athens, Tyrus, and Alexandria. By the way, do you still have that pottery plant?"

"Huh? . . . what? . . . oh yeh, I still own it. I've been trying, though, to get some stock of the Roman Wares Company; but nobody wants to sell."

"I own 25% of the company myself. It's a solid company, Marcus; too bad you can't get in"

(TWENTY FIVE percent! Why that no-good-for-nothing rat! "It's a solid company, Marcus; too bad you can't get in" That modest slob — I could kill him! . . .)

"Oh, oh," began Quintus, "I better slow down before I get tagged for speeding. Easy, girl, easy there. My, it certainly is a beautiful day."

"Yeh, gorgeous." droned Marcus.

Quintus whipped the horses to a quick pace again. The two remained silent until Quintus swerved the chariot around the corner of the street on which the tavern was located. Then Quintus spoke, "There's the tavern; I'll let you off at the front door . . . That's real service, huh, Marcus?"

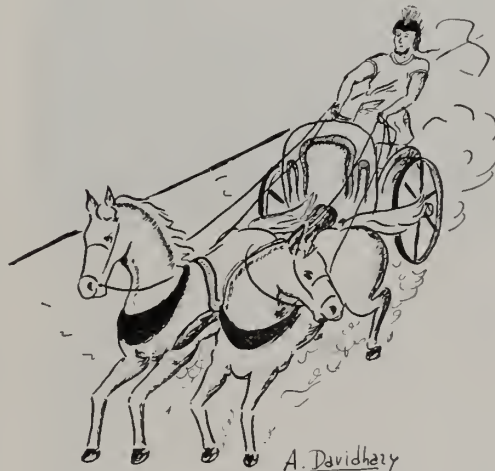
"Yeh, I really appreciate it," mimicked Marcus. "You're not coming in?"

"No, I have to see my broker about some stock — a very important deal," whispered Quintus. "Easy, girl, easy . . . Whoa, whoa. "Well," he continued, "it's been nice talking to you, Marcus. Don't forget the house-warming."

"No, I won't. Thanks for the ride . . . So long!"

"Yeh, take it easy, old boy; I'll see you soon," Quintus yelled back.

Marcus watched him turn the corner, then slowly and thoughtfully descended the steps leading into the court yard of the tavern. Walking silently through the crowd of men lounging on the benches with goblets in hand, he stopped at the far end of the bar.



"What'll you have, Marcus?" asked the jovial bartender.

"Make it a stiff one — a very stiff one," Marcus replied. Then, barely audible to the nearest person, Marcus, standing motionless and staring steadily at a grimy spot on the counter, repeated over and over. . .

rat . . .

. . .

the

dirty rat . . ."

Modern Art: A Prediction

CHARLES E. GIULIANO '59

When the French overthrew the monarchy in the eighteenth century, not only the politics of the nation, but also the nation's art fell within the control of the "Committee for Public Safety." One of the members of this committee was David. Prior to the revolution, this man had been an artist; therefore, while serving on the committee, he used his influence as a politician to further his ambition in the arts; and, as a result, French art became the personal tool of one man.

David turned his vengeance on the kings by banning the rococo of Louis the 14th. With the backing of the guillotine, David forced French artists to turn to neo-classicism. As his duty to the people, he produced hundreds of patriotic propaganda paintings which adhere rigidly to classic design and epic themes. But though they are highly successful as campaign posters, these paintings are no more artistically significant than the magazine covers of Norman Rockwell.

To further strengthen his death-grip on French art, David formed the French academy and placed himself at its head. Although it was possible to live and paint independently, other French artists soon found that in order to keep bread on the table they must belong to the academy. The powerful tradition of David, permanently instituted in the French academy, held sway for over one hundred years.

When we consider this dictatorial nature of the academy, it becomes obvious that an artistic revolution was inevitable. Although the years since the revolution had seen minor independents revolt against the academy, the main battle did not come until the late nineteenth century. At this time, the impressionists, as they are now called, began to depart from neo-classicism and to arrange their figures more naturally, lighten their palates and split up light and shade into its component colors, rather than the stark solid colors set off with the usual heavy, black shadows.

Although they were at first persecuted by the academy, by the early twentieth century, the new impressionists had completely overthrown the classical tradition. Once the initial blow of impressionism had overcome the restraints of the academy, the tide of



N. HADDAD

revolution spread through the art world like a plague. Post-impressionism, fauvism, cubism, dadaism, surrealism, expressionism—all came like a tribe of jackals to feast on the victory of the impressionists. With each new "school," art turned further away from the classic tradition of form and realism, until the Russian Kadinsky completely abandoned tangible objects (people, still life) and filled his canvas with geometric symbols that he claimed to be abstraction.

When entrusted to the talents of such men as Picasso, Dali, etc., modern art can be the most powerful vehicle for artistic expression that we have ever had. However, when we look around us, we realize that most modern so-called artists are living off the talents of the above-mentioned. In short, *90% of all modern art is trash*, and it's about time we settled back and took stock of the situation. As long as we continue to apply paint with water pistols, track paint over canvas with our feet, etc., we are only deceiving ourselves. Although I do not advocate another era of neo-classicism, I do hope and confidently predict that in the very near future we will see a great change in the direction of modern art; and though it is impossible to predict the exact nature of this trend, I think that it will be a recreation of the genre-style paintings of Bruegal, Bosq Millet, Chardin and the early Van Gogh, painted with modern technique of arrangement, shading and coloration.

An Interview With Father Walsh

EDWARD B. JAKMAUH, JR. '60

VICTOR J. CAMPBELL, JR. '59

The Register is proud to have had the honor of interviewing the Very Reverend Michael P. Walsh, S. J., President of Boston College.

Father Walsh was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on February 28th, 1912. He received his A.B. and A.M. at Boston College and was ordained a priest in 1941. He received his M.S. and Ph.D. at Fordham University. From 1943 to 1945 he was an instructor in biology at Boston College, and, from 1948 to 1958, was Associate Professor and Chairman of the Biology Department. He was appointed president of Boston College in 1958, a position which he still holds. He is a member of the Association of American Colleges, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science; he is also Director of the Massachusetts Society for Medical Research. He is the former Chaplain of the Tufts University School of Medicine and the Harvard University Medical School.

As we entered his private office, Father Walsh greeted us genially and at once put us at ease. Two comfortable chairs had been placed before his desk; and, as we took our seats, we could not help noticing the beautiful panorama of Chestnut Hill which was to be seen through the large Gothic windows.

Because there has been much controversy lately over the merits of an all-classical secondary education, as opposed to one with liberal courses in the sciences, we first discussed the merits of an all-classical education. Father Walsh, a man of science, but also well-schooled in the classics, felt that the values of a classical education, as found at Latin School, are innumerable. "The mental discipline which goes with such an education is invaluable to the scientist in later years. Most scientists are aware of this and strongly favor a broad liberal education before any specialization." Father Walsh also pointed out that boys accustomed to the discipline and hard work of a good classical education are almost always to be



found at the top of their classes in college. At this point we brought up the question of the somewhat common preference for the well-rounded student as opposed to the more intellectual one. Father Walsh favored the intellectual.

On the subject of outside reading, Father Walsh urges boys to form the habit as early as possible. "Independent learning by the individual is an essential in college. Today, more than ever, the college student is being called upon to supplement his class-room work with equal, if not more, time spent on outside reading.

Concerning extra-curricular activities, Father Walsh said that although they can be easily overdone, they give the student experience in leadership, responsibility, and self-reliance: "At college, most students participate in on-campus activities, although they are not overly stressed."

We also asked Father Walsh whether he felt that a return to the essay-type of examination would be preferable to the Aptitude and Board Exams which are now in existence. "More often than not," he said, "the objective tests can feel out the difference in knowledge. I would not, however, like to see any college become completely dependent on the objective tests. The boy's own class standing, the reputation of the school, and the headmaster's recommendation should all carry considerable weight."

Father Walsh was especially interested in the teacher shortage. Boston College has an excellent school of education, and has produced many fine teachers. "At the college,"

he stated, "we have always tried to stimulate a feeling of appreciation for the teaching profession itself. Interest, however, is definitely on the wane. Salaries, of course, should be higher; but this is not all. Teachers should be given the respect which they deserve. In Germany, for example, the teacher is Herr Professor, a title which carries more respect than Very Reverend."

As Father Walsh had already given us an hour of his valuable time, we drew our interview to a close. Leaving Saint Mary's Hall, we were again impressed by the stately Gothic buildings which surround the campus entrance. More memorable than these, however, is the humility with which this learned priest serves humanity.

Wisdom From A Star

GEORGE T. CARROLL '61

THOMAS B. DOWD, JR. '60

This year, the *Register* was fortunate to have had an interview with the very affable and courteous Frank Malzone, All-Star third baseman of the Boston Red Sox. The interview took place in the Red Sox club house, in front of Frank's locker, shortly after he had returned from batting practice. Perspiration still dropped from his forehead when we plied him with our first questions.

We were quite interested in Frank's scholastic background, and enjoyed hearing Frank refer proudly to his high school days, talking pleasantly about his teachers, school chums, and even about courses similar to ours. He admitted, however, that there were times when he would very willingly have majored in baseball. And, in a real sense, perhaps he did; for, upon graduating from Samuel Gompers High School in New York, he signed with the Red Sox farm system, and thus began the tedious climb to the goal of all baseball players—the major leagues.

But progress meant sweat, and the finest hitting and fielding third baseman in the American League is the product of years of hustle, competitive tension, and the ability to stay cool under pressure. During the interview, Frank seemed to concentrate on the importance of confidence, not only in the game of baseball, but also in the game of life. His own confidence is best exempli-

fied by his ability to stand up against fast-ball pitchers of the Herb Score and Rhyne Duren caliber.

Frank showed interest in younger athletes and recommended very strongly that they adopt an attitude of strong patience. He said: "In any field, whether it is sports, business, or the professions, one must practice, persevere, and be patient."

It was interesting to observe the other activities going on in the clubhouse. Frank called our attention to pitching-coach "Boo" Ferriss, reviewing plans with "Ike" Delock, who was to hurl against Chicago that evening. He considered this another "must" to attain success, namely the necessity for planning. Manager Mike Higgins was in his plush office off the locker room, arranging his lineup. In the corner, the great Ted Williams was seriously engaged in the discussion and demonstration of his favorite subject—hitting. Frank explained that he was suggesting to rookie Gary Geiger a new grip that might improve his hitting. With reference to this, Mr. Malzone's observation was: "Study and practice go hand in hand."

A bell clanged, the signal for the players to report to the field. With a firm handshake, Frank Malzone was gone; but with us there remained the lasting impression of a great athlete, competitor, and gentleman.

Lords And Masters

MR. SAKEY, who teaches Latin in Room 117, was graduated from Latin School in 1936, and received his A. B. and M. A. degrees at Boston University. He now teaches modern languages at Northeastern University Evening College of Liberal Arts.

Mr. Sakey was born in Brooklyn, New York, and now resides in Arlington. He is married and has three daughters. In his community, Mr. Sakey is a past chairman of the board of trustees of his church.

In a *Register* interview, Mr. Sakey said: "Every Latin School boy must be a worker." He prefers the Latin School curriculum to the "progressive" education now being offered in many other high schools. Mr. Sakey endorses the recent introduction of more substantial courses in the physical sciences.

Mr. Sakey's hobby is reading, especially poetry and modern plays. His favorite author is Bernard Shaw, "whose works have great interest and appeal for the reader of this day."

Mr. Sakey likes to spend a part of every summer at Fourth Cliff in Humarock.



"Every Latin School boy must be a worker"



"A great opportunity for young men"

MR. WEINERT, who teaches math in Room 231, was born in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, now resides in Newton, is married and has two daughters. Mr. Weinert is a veteran of World War II; he served with the Ground Forces in the 78th Infantry Division, and was active in Military and Counter Intelligence as an interrogator of prisoners of war. Graduated from B. L. S., Class of '34, he studied at Harvard, where he received his A.B. in 1938. He then went on to Boston Teachers' College, where he received his Ed. M. Before coming to Latin School in 1952, Mr. Weinert taught at the University of Massachusetts and at the United States Military Academy, West Point.

Mr. Weinert enjoys both classical and popular music; and, when the weather is right, skating and tennis. Concerning TV, he says: "A discriminating viewer can learn a great deal." On rock 'n' roll: "I do not condemn it. Each generation has its fads. In my day we had swing." On teenage driving: "A teenager with a mature attitude should be allowed to drive if closely supervised." On books: "Reading is the biggest single factor in a person's intelligence."

Mr. Weinert thinks that the present math curriculum is basically sound and that any changes made in the future will be changes in emphasis and terminology only. Questioned about B. L. S. in general, he said that the Latin School affords a great opportunity for young men with a high level of intelligence to receive the best training possible. Advice: "Every student should do himself a favor and apply himself to the rigorous schedule."



Baseball

Latin Downs Trade

Today, as has happened for the last eight years, the B. L. S. nine captured an opening-day victory; this time a 7-0 verdict over Trade at Fens Stadium. Joe Cammarata went the distance as he hurled the first no-hit shutout of the campaign. Latin struck early as a result of a walk issued to Cammarata and a double by Johnny Frame. Again in the third, the Latinmen scored.



Two walks and back-to-back singles by Ed Costello and "Gaz" Grillis this time provided the men with two runs. In the fourth frame, however, Trade threatened by loading the bases with no outs. Joe Cammarata then proceeded to strike out two batters and force a third to ground out, thus quelling a possible Trade rally. Our heroes scored four more runs in the sixth when Bob Marcucci, Tom Bilodeau, and Moe Harrington blasted doubles, driving in Frame and Gillis, who had walked. After this it was smooth sailing as Latin gained its first decision of the year.

B.C. High Beats Latin

The Latin nine suffered their first loss of the season at the hands of B. C. High in a real pitcher's battle. Team support proved to be the deciding factor as both pitchers hurled equally well. In the top of the second, B. C. High scored its first run on two hits and a passed ball. Three outs later, Latin also scored. A single by Bob Marcucci, followed by a passed ball and another single by Tom Bilodeau, provided Latin with the equalizer. In the next inning, the Maroon and Golders scored what proved to be the winning runs on two hits and two errors. After this, both teams threatened, but neither could score. B. C. High had taken advantage of the errors and in doing so had won themselves the ball game. The final score was B. C. High 3, Latin 1.

Latin Drubs Tech

The Latin nine easily downed Tech today in gaining their third victory of the season. Mr. Fitz's boys scored one run in the first, but the Artisans came back with three of their own. From here on, however, it was Latin all the way as Capt. Dick Garibaldi overcame his first-inning wildness and easily went the route. Bilodeau, Frame and Cammarata, with singles, and Ed Costello, with a double, provided Latin with

seven runs on six walks, two hit batsmen and one hit. Latin then came back with two runs in the third on hits by Cammarata, Bilodeau and Frame and two more in the fourth. This, however, was of no avail, for English also scored two runs in each inning. The Latinites scored twice in the sixth but could not overtake their rivals, who had amassed a decisive lead. Thus, Latin lost its second game, 12 - 8.



a three-run third. This gave the Purple a 4 to 3 lead. In the fifth inning, the crew scored three insurance runs through the combined effort of Frame, Cammarata and Caporale. After this, it was smooth sailing as the men of B. L. S. coasted to an 8 to 3 victory.

Latin Succumbs To English

Latin suffered its second defeat of the season in a real slugfest. This game was marked by walks and hit batsmen in almost every inning. English—of all teams—gained the decision. The Blue and Blue drew first blood with a run in the top of the second, but Latinites came back in their half of the inning with two runs of their own. In the third inning, however, English scored

Latin Wallops Dorchester

The Latinites won their easiest victory thus far in drowning Dorchester 15 - 0. Bob Blank, our pitcher, showed remarkable control as he breezed through each inning forcing Dot to scatter three singles. Our heroes scored four runs in the first as a result of singles by Mulcahy, Marcucci, and Frame, and doubles by Cammarata and Caporale. Again in the second inning, the B. L. S. nine struck hard, this time with four more runs. After this it was just a matter of time, for Dot was completely outclassed. Ed Costello, Joe Cammarata and Tom Bilodeau provided Latin with four more tallies as each blasted a double. Meanwhile, Bob Blank was setting down the Dorchesterites with regularity. Latin fin-

ished scoring in the sixth with the addition of three runs. Tom Bilodeau with four hits and Joe Cammarata with three led the attack for Latin. Score again, Latin 15, Dot 0.

Quips Of Quality

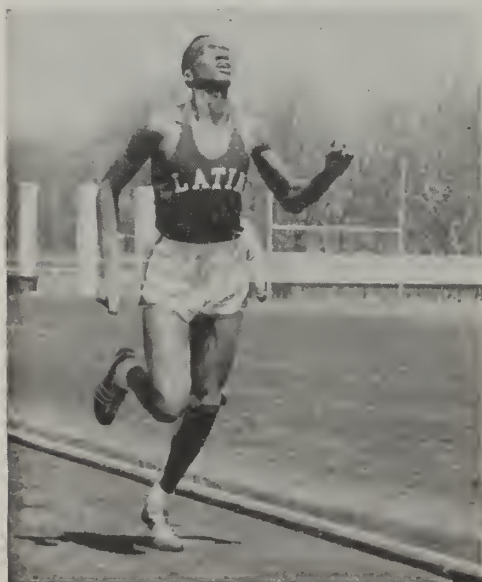
Ernie Caporale, a freshman, has moved up from the Jayvees to fill in for Moe Harrington. Yes, Mulcahy is still getting cheap hits. You should have seen the double he got today! Best hitter up to this point, however, has been John Frame, who has hit the ball consistently while also drawing several walks.



Outdoor Track

LATIN THIRD IN CITY MEET

In the city meet, Latin placed third behind Tech and English. The Purple had one double winner in Loren Clayman, who ran away with the 100-yard dash and con-



tinues to outclass everyone in the discus. Still in Class A, "Romeo" Ramsay placed second in the 220 and tied for third in the high jump. Lloyd Parham and Ivars Graudins placed second and fourth respectively in the broad jump. Parham also placed in

the javelin. Big Carl Prinz, without much practice, placed second in the shot put.

In Class B, our weakest spot, Jim Gale placed third in the 440 while Marshall Hoffman was nosed out in the broad jump.

In Class C, Edwin Dewey Bell placed second in the 220 and Big Joe Perkins ran a close second in the 100 yard dash. Leo "The Lion" Shea took second in the shot put. Wilkinson, Gandy and Schnider placed second, third and fourth respectively in the 50. Vic Dushku, the current pole vault sensation, also placed fourth in the 440.

St. John's Relays

Although it placed fourth, Latin had a good day in the St. John's relays. Our boys had three firsts, including two broken records. Latin helped the Boston school contingent win all senior field events except the javelin, by copping the broad jump and shot, and setting a shot-put record. Carl Prinz, Ernie Zissis, and John Andronica accomplished this feat with a record-breaking total of 137 and one-half feet. Lloyd Parham, who had the best jump of the day, teamed with Loren Clayman and John Doyle in the broad jump.

In the final event of the day, the sprint medley, Latin's ace, Lowell Davidson, ran a two-minute flat, half-mile anchor leg. The purple won this event in the record time of 3.43.3s. The team was composed of Robert Ramsay, Loren Clayman, Lloyd Parham and Lowell Davidson.

Tennis

With the season half over, the B. L. S. tennis team enjoys an enviable position in the race for the city crown. The Latinites, bolstered by a number of returnees from last year's championship squad, have fought their way to a record of three victories and only one defeat. Our net men have displayed excellent form while being surprised by Dorchester, edging B. C. High and shutting out Roslindale and Brighton. Dorchester, with the addition of several new players, is Latin's most formidable rival in vying for city honors.

Bill Purcell and John Habestroh have been consistent in their fine play thus far. Purcell, the city champion, John Davidhazy, and John Habestroh provided Latin with a strong singles squad. Norm Miller,

team captain, and Alan Kace comprise one doubles combination while Harvey, Binis and Ableman form a second tandem. A. Miller, together with Brad Brunsel, player-manager, complete the roster.

Coach Sullivan will present plaques to the championship team and also to the top players in the city. He himself deserves some kind of an award for his fine coaching and hard work during his several years as Latin's mentor. With the most important games still to come, the team's record thus far is:

Latin 6	.	.	.	Roslindale 0
Latin 6	.	.	.	Brighton 0
Latin 2	.	.	.	Dorchester 4
Latin 4	.	.	.	B.C. High 2

Crew

The largest number of candidates for crew since the sport was re-entered into the school's sports program reported this season. The tremendous turnout of aspirants may be attributed to the success enjoyed by last year's undefeated-untied team. It now seems that rowing is gaining its deserved recognition as a major sport in the school.

Though the season's competition has yet to begin, practice is held each afternoon, Monday through Saturday, so that candi-

dates may become familiar with the course and condition themselves for the coming races. Latin's toughest opponent will be English, whose crew has been strengthened by the transfer of several B. L. S. oarsmen.

Coach Fielding has not yet chosen a first crew. Outstanding candidates are: Bob Hutchinson, 'Frat' Fratecelli, Frank Celona, Bob Spencer, Dave Galman, Mike Moloney, Chuck Olson, Jim Sherburne, Neil Colman, Bob Luise and Ned Sarno.



Abraham

EDITORIALS

PIONEER OF AN IDEA

Frank Lloyd Wright was dead. To some it was the death of a name which they had occasionally seen in the tabloids. To others it was the passing of a genius who had devoted his life to architecture. But in essence it was not death at all; for Wright was more than a man; he was an idea of form, of function, of truth, which just now is beginning to break the shackles of conformity and academism in architecture.

Wright, or rather his idea, had its beginning in Phoenix, Arizona. Wright's mother had destined him from the cradle to be an architect. In his room, decorated with wood carvings of English cathedrals, Wright spent his pre-school years learning the fundamentals of architecture — or at least of *his* architecture. Hand-raised by his mother according to the advanced Froebel method, emphasizing creative play with geometric blocks, he learned at an early age to see geometry in nature and nature in geometry. A tree would become two blocks in the shape of a "T"; a waterfall, a pile of uneven projecting rectangles. Here among these simple forms, Wright's great idea, Organic Architecture, had its beginning. Few realized that these geometric blocks would develop into buildings the like of which the world has never seen — structures which seem an actual part of the terrain, yet are functional and true to form.

The life ahead of him, however, was not so pure and simple as were his ideas. At the age of nineteen, he found himself a rather poor country boy looking for a job as a draftsman in Chicago. His genius was just beginning to be in evidence. Louis Sullivan, the master skyscraper builder (who attended English High School) was the first to recognize this genius. With only three years of training in engineering at the University of Wisconsin, Wright was hired by Sullivan. His confidence, however, was somewhat shaken by his fellow draftsmen, who made his flowing tie and long country-style hair the objects of many jokes. Wright promptly put them to shame with his advanced designs. He projected massive wings and replaced dark corners with sunlight and glass.

In 1909, at the age of forty, Wright was at the peak of his career; he had pioneered air-conditioning, metal-bound plate glass doors, and all-steel office furniture. In Europe the publication of his works created a sensation. Unfortunately, his phenomenal success did not last long, for in 1910 he met with a decline. For this, many reasons are given — some say that the divorce of his first wife, which received much coverage in the tabloids, caused his unpopularity; others, that he had grown too radical. At any rate, he left America for Europe. His genius, nevertheless, remained as active as ever. In France he is said to have found the seed of modern architecture, which so many believe to be completely American. He returned, and with a dramatic comeback was once again the master to be sought out — and on his own terms.

At this time he designed a series of buildings which are considered today the all-time greats of American architecture. Among them is "Falling Water" in Pennsylvania, Wright's first concrete house, in which he flung cantilevered floors dramatically out over a water fall; also the Johnson's Wax Tower. This tower building is a prime example of the cantilever beam construction. It consists of a central post around which the floors project in a circular form, thus keeping perfect balance. The whole tower is masked with glass; this glass, however, supports nothing — it is functionally only a facing.

Wright as a man is hard to know. For the work of Walter Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Europe's greatest architects, Wright had no room. The United Nations Secretariat he called a "tombstone"; boxy modern houses were "coffins for living." Who, however, are we to judge? Some say that Wright is far in the future — far ahead of the

world in its ideas of function and design. Wright, boasting of his eighteen gold medals, often declared: "They say I am the world's greatest architect; perhaps I am, but who else is there? If architecture is what I conceive it to be, there has never been another architect."

Wright as an idea is easily understood. He was simply a new concept in form, function and truth, which was before unknown in architecture. Only now are his concepts and ideas beginning to be fully understood and appreciated.

THE SUMMIT

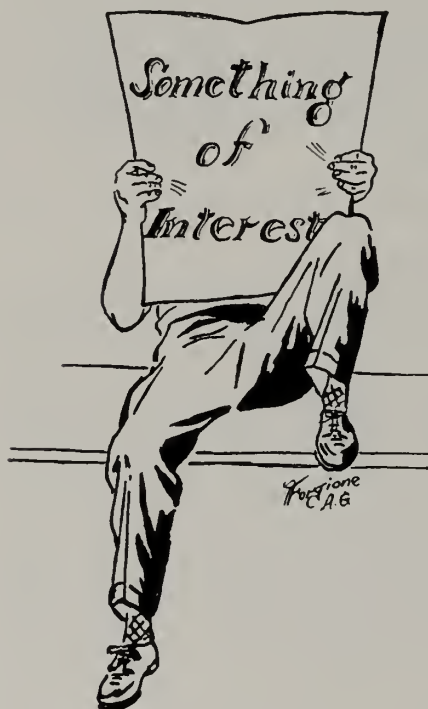
The Western European nations, being so much closer to the Soviet block, understandably take a more cautious attitude than we do in dealing with the Russians. But we know from experience that it is difficult to accomplish much with the Russians through the use of treaties and negotiations.

To make progress with the Russians, the United States and its allies must first solidify their stand and must make that stand a compromise between the threat of force and plans for peace and possibly trade. In this way, the fears of our allies may be somewhat allayed and their interests protected, while the West offers an ever-stronger wall of resistance to Soviet aims for territorial expansion and ultimate world conquest.

Only when the West is completely unified should it attend a summit conference with the Soviets. For, as we have seen time and time again, against a less firm approach the Communists stall, slander, bluster, and, in every other statement, blame the Allies in general, and the United States in particular, for the dismal failure of the talks. They call upon the world to condemn the "warmongering capitalists of Wall Street," and, as a result, there is more tension.

If the Allies truly desire to lessen world tensions through a high-level conference with the Communists, they must sit down at the conference table prepared to show the Communists that the West is firmly united and is prepared to negotiate on any *reasonable* offer. In this way, the Russians may be forced to negotiate sincerely.





Our *Register* has again gained prominence, this time through its editor, Kenneth Freed, who has been awarded second prize in the literary category by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association for his essay "Have a Raisin."

On April 8, Prize Drill Day, the "Stalwart Sons of the Purple" went through their paces. Congratulations are indeed due to Brigadier General John Clifford, whose company placed first in the school; to Colonel Zissis, whose company placed first in the First Regiment; to Laurence Cohen, whose company placed first in the Second Regiment; and to Company C, First Regiment, which won the coveted "booby prize," a gold-painted beer can.

First prize in the annual New England District of Key Clubs Oratorical Contest at the Hotel Statler was awarded to John Russo of Room 124, on April 10th. The prize includes a summer trip to Canada to represent the New England District in the International Oratory Contest.

David Caldwell of Room 303 was recently declared the winner in the Thirteenth Annual Mathematics Tournament conducted at Newton Junior College. He outfigured seventy-four other math students to

STEVEN M. ARONSON '61

win the \$50 first prize. Teams of the top three math students from twenty-five New England schools took part in the competition conducted jointly by the college and Arthur D. Little Company. Each contestant was required to compute three sets of problems within a time limit. Dave, who has already been accepted at M.I.T., has topped our school in the American Mathematics Association competition the last two years and has also won a medal for excellence in math. Both his present teacher, Mr. Weinert, and the head of the mathematics department, Mr. Kozodoy, acclaim him as one of their top math students. However, he has little chance to rest on his laurels—he later competed in a state-wide competition at the University of Massachusetts.

The annual Career Days were held this year on April 13, 14, and 15. The prominent speakers, who deeply impressed the boys of Classes I, II, and III with the merits of their respective professions, were: Dr. J. Henry Winn, '35, who spoke on dentistry; Mr. Julian Steel, '25, on government service; Mr. Thomas Bilodeau, '32, on law; Mr. Nathan Kline, '27, on the press; Mr. William E. Dacey, Jr., '44, on business; and Mr. Irving Rabb, '30, on merchandising.

Congratulations are extended to Herb Allen of 124 who was selected first desk cellist of the All-State Orchestra which met at Hyannis recently.





Friday, April 17, was Class Day — and, as is customary, the seniors arrived at 12 noon. The members of Class II came as guests at the exercises. The program began with an address by the president of the Senior Class, Dick Garibaldi. Next was the class oration, delivered by Joseph Edward Russo. Festivities reached a high point when the Class Prophecy was acted out on stage by seniors. Then followed a reading of the Class Will, a band recital with several encores, and finally an address to the seniors by Robert Sullivan, class of '34, a Justice of the Superior Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Boston Latin School Key Club has won second prize in the Report Forms category. This year, as last, our Key Club hopes to net \$1200 from their ad book for the scholarship fund.

On Sunday morning, April 26, Joseph Perkins of Room 118, along with two other representatives of their respective churches, was a guest of Rabbi Rotman of Temple Shalom, Milton. The program, called "Our Believing World," was televised.

At half past eight, on the morning of April 27, 1959, a new teaching medium was begun in two Latin School classes. The Council for a Television Course in the Humanities for Secondary Schools presented on Channel 2 a three-week pilot course of lectures concerning three plays: "Our Town," "Hamlet," and "Oedipus Rex." The results of examinations on this experimental course will determine whether the English curriculum of certain Junior Classes throughout the United States will be changed from classroom - teacher to television instruction. Four times a day, four times a week, the half-hour programs were televised. The lecturers were Clifton Fadiman, speaking about humanities and

Thornton Wilder's "Our Town"; Professor Maynard Mack of Yale, the Elizabethan Age and "Hamlet"; and Professor Bernard M.W. Knox, also of Yale University, the Age of Sophocles and "Oedipus the King." The objective of this television course in the humanities is to increase the student's appreciation of art and literature. With the aid of spot scenes acted by the Stratford Shakespearian Festival Company of Ontario, and top-flight lectures, the course should accomplish a great deal. This new audio - visual aid to education holds great potential in its ability to create indelible impressions of the great ideas of our culture.

On April 27, preliminary Prize Reading was held. The contestants who qualified for the competition on May 4 were: P. Kinburn, D. Weiner, E. Jakmauh, D. Tafe, P. Needham, S. Lipper, S. Aronson, L. Dunn, J. Russo, S. Asekoff, O. Miller, D. Spinney, A. Gurman, B. Abrams, D. Litwack, J. Kelly, and W. Gardel. The winners will be announced on Graduation Day.

This year, for the first time, the National Educational Development Test was administered on April 28 to the boys of classes III and IV. The scores of these tests will be used primarily for guidance.

The Fifth Public Declamation for the boys of Classes I and II was held on Friday, May 1. Roy Bernstein, Robert Govenar, David Litwack, Lawrence Greenlaw, Kevin Kennedy, Gerald Fairman, Lee J. Dunn.





Jr., Gerald Hillman, John Russo, Michael Menitoff, Michael Monson, David Tafe, and Paul Kinburn were the declaimers.

Congratulations to the three juniors of 120: Alan Schindler, Jay Spector, and Conrade Jaffe, who have all been accepted to M.I.T.

On the afternoon of May 7 and the evening of May 8, our Dramatics Club, with its female recruits from Roslindale High's Dramatics Club, presented "Mr. Barry's Etchings," a comedy in 3 acts. The play, which was directed by Mr. Mark Russo, was enthusiastically received by those who filled the auditorium for both performances. The Key Club plans to use the money from the sale of advertisements in the program, along with the proceeds from the sale of tickets, for scholarships for deserving seniors of the Class of '59.

The week of May 11 left the masters of the Senior Class with writer's cramp, for those materialistic-minded seniors, who, intend to while away their summer WORKING, were being dismissed on May 15. At

all times of the day the over-anxious seniors were looking for masters to sign their dismissal slips. It is estimated that seniors accumulated approximately 3,750 autographs in a period of two days.

What? School on Saturday! — On Saturday, May 16, bleary-eyed juniors, almost sleep walking, took their places for the Scholastic Aptitude Examinations. May 16 - P.M. Post Mortem: "Where, oh where, did they get that 6th section?" On the basis of a pupil's score on this test, many colleges are granting early admissions, provided that the pupil does well in his achievement tests and maintains his marks.

The ancient halls of B.L.S. shook almost to the point of collapse on June 2, when nearly 1000 midgets of about eleven years of age thundered through the school in an effort to get to the assembly hall before 8:45. When at last they had quieted down, they were taken in separate herds of thirty-six to homerooms, where they were classified into groups of normal and subnormal intelligence. Next year, if you see any of this not-so-unique breed wandering around the school, do not step on them, for they are members of the Class of '65.

Congratulations to William Wilkinson of Room 124, who became an Eagle Scout on March 18. A dinner was given in his honor at the Allston Congregational Church. On May 5, he and four other Eagle Scouts were guests of Senator John Powers at the State House. After the interview, pictures were taken. Willy now plans to devote his time to help others become Eagle Scouts.

On Saturday, May 9, Gerald Hillman of Room 124 placed fourth in the statewide competition in the High School Dramatic Reading Contest at Suffolk University.

Joseph Edward Russo of Room 303 recently served on the Governor's Conference on youth. Work dealt largely with the making of a Teenage Code of Laws.

THE REGISTER congratulates Major Kelley and the B.L.S. Cadets for three first prizes in the Annual Schoolboy Parade.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

March 25: Overheard in 207: "Boys, this is a creative English course. Here is your paper. Now take out your pencils and . . . create!"

March 26: It's my cousin's birthday.

March 31: *Ye R.R.R.* no longer wonders why Ben Franklin left after flunking French in Room 301.

April 1: Viva Batista! April Fools, Fidel! Oh no! Rat-tat-tat . . . Oh yes . . . ARRRRGH!

April 2: Contrary to popular opinion, Joe Stalin was *not* born in the Bronx.

April 3: What famed graduate of Gonzaga U. in 211 today *HOWLed* about one of Ginsberg's poems?

April 6: Overheard in 304:

Master: Do you belong to any musical organization?

Departing Student: Yes, sir, the Glee Club.

Master: Turn in your teeth.

April 7: Omnia Frustra Sunt.

April 8: Overheard in the Drill Hall:

Major: Herman, one mark for forgetting your tie.

Herman: Yes Sir.

Major: Say, "Woo woo Ginsburg," and you can have another.

April 9: %\$#"&)*@1/2/?

April 15: The call for boys to act in the Girls' Latin School play aroused feverish excitement until they learned it would be a Mark 304 Production.

April 16: "The South will rise again." Per order of the Gray Ghost.

April 23: "Why is this night different from all other nights?"

"All the Chinese restaurants are closed?"

April 27: Overheard in 329:

"Kookie, take one mark for combing your hair in class."

May 1: Overheard in 222:

Skipper: Mates, once I was torpedoed in the Pacific. In fact, I lived for a week on a can of sardines.

Bosum Mate: But, sir . . .

Skipper: Speak up, mate!

Mate: But, sir, how did you keep from falling off?

May 4: Overheard in 301:

You're all through for life. Uhh, everybody take your report card! Uhh, run home and say, "Look, ma, no points!"

May 5: *Ye R.R.R.* had to make out his elective blank today: Drillx, Advanced Study, Accelerated Gym, Lunch¹, and . . . (Maybe they won't notice)

May 7: Overheard in 124:

A certain *apPAULing* student: ". . . and always bear lugubrious fruit . . ."

Master: "Hmmm, I've been doing it differently for the past twenty years, but your way is so much more amusing. Go on, boy!"

Student: ". . . lugubrious fruit, as signification of the bloody twins?"

Elated Master: "I heard him. He said it! Bloody twins! Oh, sit down boy!"

May 8: *Ye R.R.R.* was amazed to find no extra credit questions in the Prize French Exam for the boys who can't do the work.

May 11: What master in 311 gave a boy five extra points for having the *German Measles*?

May 12: Today (hic) *Ye R.R.R.* went to the Class Banquet (burp)!

May 15: Ave valeque!!

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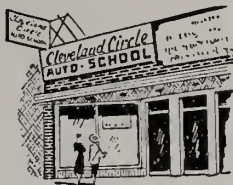
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